

Testimony of Jack Qingyu Tang

To: The Connecticut General Assembly Planning and Development Committee
In Strongest **Opposition** to: **HB7192** and all other endless variations of forced regionalization

March 20th, 2019

Distinguished Madam Chair McCarthy Vahey and Chairman Cassano, and the Honorable Members of the Planning and Development Committee,

My name is Jack Qingyu Tang. I'm a private citizen, a husband, and a father from Wilton, Connecticut.

Today I testify with my strongest **opposition** to HB7192, and all other endless variations that carry and spread the same ***cancer*** of forced regionalization (although under increasingly crafty and deceptive covers).

While the most conspicuous forms of this cancer (like the initial SB738/SB457) provoked the strongest public outcry and were defeated in the committee, the DNA of the same cancer had morphed into governor's bill SB874 Sections 1-4, and now almost cloned verbatim into this bill HB7192 Sections 7-10. Even with some last-minute "amendment" today that removed the explicit language of "redistricting", it still has not changed an iota of its overall "forced-in-disguise" nature towards a ***genuinely voluntary*** nature that any critical thinking people could trust and agree to.

With the creation of an ***unelected but powerful*** "commission" that will last 8 long years (until June 30, 2027), stacked with about 16 appointees from the government plus a "token representation" from one school parent, which near-completely circumvent the checks and balances from the towns and their people, this bill represents a disguised form of modern day **"tyrannical rule"**, which will still render the current State government ***fundamentally illegal** and **utterly immoral*** in the eyes of the people of Connecticut, and severely handicap any likely good the governor has promised or intended to do.

Once enacted, such de facto forced regionalization laws or their even watered down versions would still violate the will of the so many people and irreversibly destroy people's trust in the current State government, and unleash dangerously accelerating ***self-destructions*** in the familiar social-economic chain reaction: plummeting property values, massive exodus or extinction of current businesses, a statewide economic depression, drastic increases in unemployment/poverty/disease, free-falling educational qualities, and skyrocketing crime rates, which would lead to even more people fleeing the state; and the rapidly vanishing taxpayer base would cause even the so-called "safe" unionized teachers and government workers to lose their jobs or work with decimated pay or benefits, and this vicious cycle would quickly repeat until the entire state of Connecticut tailspins into a dystopia of total economic, cultural and moral desolation, where a dejectedly poor left-over population permanently struggle in anguished misery and hopelessness.

So Members of this Committee, rise up again to be the mama bear or the daddy lion, and ***kill -- this -- bill***! Also out of your conscience and deep love for the legally disadvantaged ordinary people and children (and their future unborn children), be the ***unblinking eye*** and vigilantly watch this vicious

cancer of forced regionalization, and stop its spread in any forms and at any stages (including via budget implementer bills, or worst of all some "strike-all" amendment towards the end of this legislative session without any bipartisan discussion, committee process, or public discourse).

Finally, let us again defend liberty and common sense for all the people, and turn Connecticut *away* from this *darkest dystopia* of class warfare and tyranny, and into the **brightest beacon of freedom, opportunity, and prosperity** for the whole nation.

Thank you and may God bless the repentant America,
--"Rabbit" Jack (Wilton, CT)

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[Appendix] The Love Story for Our Beautiful Little American Town of Wilton
By "Rabbit" Jack (on 2019-02-19)

In 2013, my wife and I decided to move our family from a bigger city in Westchester county of New York State to the small town of Wilton, Connecticut. We chose Wilton mainly for our young kids, given its great schools and friendly neighborhoods for working and middle-class families.

As first-generation immigrants from Mainland China, we were so pleasantly surprised and deeply moved by the old-fashioned warm American hospitality, when all the neighbors on our street threw a big welcome block party for us and another Indian American family who moved in around the same time.

My neighbors are ordinary hard-working middle-class families, who work and eat from the honest labor of their own hands, raise their kids in strong family values, faith, and goodwill towards other fellow men, regardless of their skin color or ethnic background.

I especially respect my elderly neighbor up across street, who immigrated from Norway in the 50s and built most of the houses on our street, as well as the Wilton Hope Church which he still attends every Sunday morning wearing his spotless best clothes and speaking in an old-fashioned quiet awe whenever he mentions "our great Creator".

I also admire my next door neighbor who is a roofer. He said he was repairing my house's roof when the events of September 11th happened and that moment forever etched into his memory. Every year he cheerfully hang up beautiful Christmas lights on a big pine tree on his front yard, which became a holiday landmark on our street that all the kids loved. When he was stricken with leukemia in recent years, he and his wife fought it together with calm dignity and quiet courage (knowing he may go at any time). Despite being weak and tired from chemotherapies he never forgot to have his big tree decorated with cheerful lights just on time for the kids.

Because my son plays soccer, one day I drove him by the famous "Kick for Nick" bin collecting soccer balls in front of Wilton American Legion Post. As a young Wilton High School graduate, Nick Madaras loved his community and his nation so much that he voluntarily signed up to serve in the US Army in 2005 at the age of 18. While serving in Iraq, he became fascinated and moved by Iraqi children's love of soccer even though they only had tin cans or rag balls to kick and the fact they were always smiling

despite the chaos of war and death all around them. So Nick asked his family to send him a few soccer balls so he could share with the children. Yet shortly after he was killed by a roadside IED explosion while performing his duty, and never got the chance to put a single ball in a child's hand. Nonetheless people inspired by his story started the Kick for Nick Foundation in 2006 to collect and distribute soccer balls together with the common friendship and shared humanity of ordinary American people to the children in Iraq and beyond, turning his dream into the living reality today. "So you see, my son, Nick died before you were even born, but his dream lives on and still stands in front of us today and speaks to our hearts, isn't it?" I told my son, **"so what really matters is not what or how much you 'got' in this short life on earth, but what and how deeply you believed in and dreamed for something that is way bigger and way beyond this short life on earth."** I know my son couldn't necessarily absorb all the deeper meaning behind my "big words" at that young age of his life, but I believe the right words matter and some seeds would have been planted into his heart and they shall bear fruit one day as long as we parents preserve and cultivate the right heart soil for them to grow. Therefore it did come sweetly to my heart, when one year later at a Boston rally to fight the stereotypes against Asian American Kids my son said his personal dream was "to be a firefighter, so I can save people".

I often told my wife that moving to Wilton is perhaps one of the best decisions we have made in our life. There is no greater joy than for parents to nurture and train up their kids in the way they should go, and our small town Wilton just provided that perfect environment for us to do so.

Thus in my heart my little town of Wilton gradually comes to reflect and embody the quiet strength and bedrock values of all great American local communities, which in turn form our truly great American nation.